

The Christmas Radical.

Issue number 3, free.

A journal of progressive Christian thought and opinion.



Editors note

This issue of the Christian Radical is dedicated to the four members of Christian Peacemaker Teams who have been abducted and are being held against their will in Iraq. If you p ray please pray for the safety and quick release of Tom Fox, Norman Kember, James Loney, and Harmeet Singh Sooden. Christian Peacemaker Teams is an organization dedicated to encouraging nonviolent solutions to global conflict and have members in many places including Iraq and occupied Palestine where they advocate on behalf of the oppressed people in these areas and strive to bring an end to violence and conflict. For more inf ormation about CPT and their work, as well as further information about these men and their plight you should check out their website at www.cpt.org

May God be with these men and their families to strengthen them through this ordeal and may He also be at work in the hearts of their abductors that they might come to see that their actions will not bring the results they want.

Through Christ our Lord
Amen.

In Palestine #2

By Joy Ellison

Originally written June 12th, 2005.

On Friday, I demonstrated for Moncade, the cutest three year-old in the West Bank. Moncade lives in Marda, a small village at the base of the hill on top which the Ariel settlement sits. Marda is losing their land and olive trees so that the Israeli government can build a 25 ft cement "security" wall – 13 miles away for Israel's 1967 border. Marda is a farming village and losing their land and trees will deal a huge economic and emotional blow. But yesterday I spoke with Hani, a Palestinian man whose house is completely surrounded by the Wall. He said "the Wall is just the new situation that Palestinians must adapt to." The residents of Marda, including Moncade, have faced similar situations before and will again. There is a feeling here in Palestine that "if we were not facing this problem, we would face another."

I demonstrated for Moncade because his smile gives me courage. It isn't easy to live in the West Bank and it's even harder to face the Israeli without weapons or hate, knowing that they will respond with tremendous violence. Since a soldier pointed a gun in my face because I asked him to release two Palestinian boys he was detaining illegally, I've found my stomach flopping and my hands shaking whenever I confront the Israeli army. So on Friday, I dedicated my actions to Moncade. With the farmers of Marda, I walked up the hill to pray on the land, picturing

Moncade in my mind, glad he was too little to come with me.

And as we walked the hill, the violence we knew would meet us did, but even sooner than we expected. Before we left the village, the Israeli army fired approximately 50 tear gas canisters in less than five minutes. Then they entered the village, continuing to fire tear gas canisters – in to houses and a sewing factory where 25 women were working – then started to fire rubber bullets, and then live ammunition, aiming at boys less than 18. Three boys were hit with rubber bullets and one with a tear gas canister, but thankfully everyone is still alive.

I cannot describe the looks of fear on the faces of the children of Marda. I've seen so many big eyes stare up at mothers, unable to speak their terror. The look on the faces of the mothers is even worse – fear covered up with accustomedness. "My son was so afraid," a woman told me, and I could see how much she wanted me to understand and make America understand. "Please, my son was so afraid."

Fear has become such a part of the daily life of Palestinians, especially children. The Israeli army changes the conditions in the West Bank arbitrarily, at their whim. One day, the drive from Marda to Jerusalem could take one and a half hours; the next day the army might put up a new checkpoint and it could take four. Israeli soldiers detain and arrest Palestinians randomly, demolish houses without warning, even enter and leave villages for no describable reason. The result is that nothing is ever

predictable and we never know when we should be afraid.

Sometimes, however, the army does give a reason for its actions. At 11 o'clock last night the army entered the village of Harres, where I live with an international women's organization. Some threw flares and others walked up through the olive groves where no one could see them. Our landlord, one of the bravest Palestinians I know, came to our door, clearly scared. "This is when we are afraid. If the army sees one of us, even a child, they will shoot." Our landlord told us that he had called the army and asked why they were here. They told him that someone had thrown a Molotov cocktail, "We are here for security reasons."

Security reasons. This is supposed to be one of the reasons that Israel is occupying Palestine. But security is trickier than one might think. When one thinks with the security mindset, soon anything one doesn't understand is a security risk and anything – sensible or not – is justified in trying to obtain security. Perhaps last night there was a Molotov cocktail, but our landlord was skeptical because he had been sitting on his patio for hours and hadn't heard anything. And after 20 terrible minutes, the army left without doing anything. Did this further security? On Friday, soldiers in Marda claimed that they didn't fire bullets, a Palestinian with a Kalashnikov rifle did. But I saw the M16 bullets. Did this lie indicate further security?

I have become much better acquainted with fear here in Palestine. I understand that many people in Israel are afraid. The specter of suicide bombings is truly terrible. But Israel must learn to see past its fear and see the occupation for what it is: brutal violence against civilians. To have security, Israel must allow the Palestinians to have what they have asked for: a free and peaceful state. Otherwise, Israel's occupation will continue to breed security threats – as long as Palestine is occupied with violence and ever increasing injustice, a few people will choose to oppose Israel violently. The occupation is Israel's biggest security threat. <



photo by Joy Ellison

The Saint And The Leper.....

By James Tidmarsh

They say his life changed when he kissed the face of one of the ones he feared and hated. This wasn't the face of some boy he had wet dreams over. It wasn't some girl he would have taken out to lovers lane. It wasn't the face of a king, a lord, or some other equal.

This was a face covered in bloody sores. A face with a body that smelled like rotting flesh. A body covered in clothing that was quite likely sticky from vomit, urine, and other human excrements.

Yet, still, Saint Francis kissed the face of a leper.

I can't even bring myself to talk to the co-worker who hasn't spoken to me since we had a disagreement 4 or 5 months ago.

As I was reading the story of this saint who's known for praying for birds, and for his ability to make peace, my first thought was, "wow, that's someone I want to be like".

My next thought was a bit more disturbing.

'Wow, what if I'M the leper?'

How do you tell the difference?

Are the lepers the Republicans, or the Democrats?

Are they the gay ones or the straight ones?

Are they the rich, the popular, the poor, the nobodies?

Are they an ex-boyfriend, a co-worker, a parent?

They say Saint Francis found his community that day.

After he embraced the embodiment of his fear and frustration, he moved in with the lepers. He ate with them. He worked along side them. He loved them. In turn, they let him live amongst them. They ate with him. They worked along side him. They loved him back.

Who was luckier?

Who benefited more from the fellowship, Francis or the lepers?

Does it make a difference?

I wonder if that's what happens, when we start tearing down the walls, and start to embrace those that we don't necessarily like, those that we are scared of, those that we'd rather not be around. I wonder if the lines do indeed get blurred.

Pretty soon it doesn't matter.

Pretty soon you find yourself in a community.

You're their friends, and they become yours.

And pretty soon it doesn't matter who is the saint and which one's the leper.



THEODORE

BY CHRIS ROONEY

THERE USED TO BE A MAN IN VANCOUVER
WHO CHANGED HIS NAME TO THEODORE SASKATCHE WAN
SO THAT A SMALL TOWN IN THE PRAIRIES
COULD CAPITALIZE ON HIS HIGH QUALITY
MEDICAL PHOTOS
AND BOOTLEG VIDEOS OF OPEN-HEART SURGERY

THEODORE SASKATCHE WAN DIED
WHEN A PHOTOGRAPH OF LUNG CANCER
DECIDED TO SPREAD INTO HIS BRAIN

THEODORE SASKATCHE WAN
IS AN UN-SUNG HERO OF CAPITALISM.

THE TOWN DIDN'T MAKE A DIME
PHOTOGRAPHS OF TUMORS CAN KILL YOU

ALL OF HIS ARTWORK IS MOLDERING
IN THE BASEMENT OF THE
VANCOUVER ART GALLERY

Reading the Bible with the Damned

Bob Ekblad

Westminster John Knox Press, 2005

Review by J. Barrett Lee

Reading the Bible with the Damned is gripping, even from the title. The book emerges from the work of Bob Ekblad, a jail chaplain and director of Tierra Nueva and the People's Seminary in Burlington, Washington. Ekblad examines the hermeneutical and pedagogical issues that arise from encountering the Christian scriptures with the marginalized, namely inmates and undocumented immigrants. The purpose of the book is to provide a resource for people of faith who endeavor to "bridge the gap" between the mainstream and the marginalized. Ekblad's thesis is that these two realms must learn to read and interpret the Bible together, in order to formulate a fuller and more transformative vision of the Christian faith.

The book begins with an identification of the pitfalls many mainstream readers encounter in their more traditional readings of the Bible, whereby the message of the Bible is made to support the status quo or dominant paradigm. Ekblad encourages his readers to challenge these theological assumptions by reading the Bible with those outside one's own nationality, race, gender, class, or economic status.

The rest of the book focuses on reading specific portions of the Bible in this new light. There

are chapters on the Creation narrative, Cain and Abel, the Patriarchal narratives, Exodus, Isaiah, the Psalms, the Gospels, and the Pauline Epistles.

This book is the product of a class taught at the People's Seminary in conjunction with Regent College. I attended this class when it was taught last year and it proved to be the single most transformative experience of my graduate education. I walked into the class with one career plan, and walked out with another.

Bob, through his teaching and friendship, reminded me of things I had long since forgotten about the very nature and purpose of the Christian life. Ambition and achievement must always take a back seat to serving "the least of these" as though they were Christ himself. Real life happens outside in the cold, not inside a classroom. Bob is aware of this and manages to gently lead his students, sometimes literally, outside of their comfort zones, and into labor camps and back alleys.

This book reflects Bob's work, and so I recommend it as strongly as I can. Whether one is clergy or laity, newcomer or veteran of street-level ministry, this book will revolutionize and hone your skills in reading and/or teaching the Bible. It is a book for anyone who has ever wondered whether the Bible has any "good news" for those outside the dominant economic, political, social, and religious structures. <

Republican National Convention protests,

New York City,

August 31-September 2, 2004

by: Laura Catherine Kressly

On Tuesday I went to the World Trade Center as planned, arriving a little before 3 pm. I milled around there for a bit with my “We the people say no to the Bush agenda” banner and was interviewed by 2 different media organizations. No big ones, but it was cool nonetheless.

Things seemed a bit disorganized, but then someone was getting people to the northeast corner of the site to prepare to march. I moved in that direction, and we started to cross the street to move into the next block. A police officer was standing in the crosswalk as we crossed yelling at us through a megaphone; “Your march does not have a permit. You must walk two by two and stay out of the street to avoid arrest.”

Easy enough, I thought. We listened to him, making sure we only took up half the sidewalk, staying out of the street, and walking double file. Things soon changed. The police let us get to the next corner, then stopped us. They allowed protesters to fill in the rest of the length of the block, but did not allow anyone else to join us once we took up the entire block. A line of bike cops lined our side of the sidewalk, and a cemetery was to our backs, so we could not move at all. Things stayed like this for awhile, then police unrolled bright orange netting and had cops hold it up between

us and the street, pushing us as close to the cemetery fence as we could get. There were police in the cemetery to prevent us from jumping the fence. After this, they started allowing anyone with a press pass to leave, except those with Indymedia passes. NLG (National Lawyers’ Guild) legal observers were also not allowed to leave the makeshift pen. Once the press left, they continued to hold us for awhile, then announced that all of us would be arrested. At each end, police began pulling us one by one out of the fencing and cuffing us. I made a few quick phone calls and changed my voicemail message knowing I wouldn’t be able to make any calls or have my phone for awhile.

For some reason, I was remarkably calm knowing I was about to be arrested. I made the decision to cooperate fully with the police, knowing that resisting arrest would only result in further charges. My turn came, and I was taken from behind the fence. An officer removed my bag, and another turned me around and cuffed me with plastic cinch cuffs produced en masse to handle the amount of arrests.

Damn, those cuffs sucked. The plastic dug into my skin, and my wrists soon swelled. They were cinched pretty tight, and I could feel my hands throbbing after awhile. Another officer moved me to a line of already-arrested protesters sitting on the sidewalk and I joined the end of the line. I stayed there until everyone else was cuffed and the fencing was rolled away. Then, an officer grouped me with 4 other

women and took all of our information and started filling out forms. He was my arresting officer (AO) and turned out to be really nice. He told us that he's retiring in 3 months and thinks the way police are handling the protesters to be very unnecessary and as long as we cooperated, he would give us the lightest charge possible. While that was all very nice, he was still arresting me and just following his orders--very Nazi--I almost felt sorry for him.

After much sitting on the ground, we were gradually loaded onto police buses. I had no idea where we were being taken; I assumed jail. Was I in for a surprise.

We were taken to a pier in Chelsea, Pier 57. We got off the buses pretty quickly and waited in line for them to check us in and bag our things. They cut off our cuffs at this time and I found I already had bruises. We had to empty our pockets, go through a metal detector, and were only allowed to keep our keys, ID, and cash. I put my phone and camera into my bag, which was placed in a garbage bag and labeled. We were then herded into a pen, separated by gender. The pen was about 25 by 20 feet, with a few benches and port-a-pottys, as well as a water dispenser. When I got to the pen, there were several people sitting on the floor and talking. I joined them, and after awhile shifted my position and went to wipe the sweat off my forehead. This was the first time I noticed--the floor was filthy, and I had greasy dirt all over my hands and pants. Another girl noticed my surprise, telling me that the pier used to be used by the

MTA as a garage, and a fire in the early '90s released asbestos that was not properly cleaned up. Great. Well, I wouldn't be there long. They had to move us to central booking soon.

About an hour or two later, officers began calling names from people in my cage. I figured I was being moved to the jail at this time, but I was wrong. We were just moved to a larger cage.

Imagine a giant warehouse, with no ventilation. Imagine large, chain-link cages inside the warehouse with razor wire topping the cage. Imagine city summer heat and humidity. See the other people packed into the cage with you, without enough room to comfortably sit on the floor. See thuggish, intimidating police with guns standing outside your cage and refusing to answer any questions. Touch the floor. Your hand comes away covered in thick brown grime, sticking to your sweat and sunscreen. The dirt just smears on your skin, and you have no where to wipe it. This dirt hangs in the air and burns your eyes. Your wrists are tender and bruised from too-tight handcuffs. Time passes. You soon tire. People are taken out of your cage so you actually have room to stretch your legs. You manage to find some space against the wall of the cage, but the chain-link digs into your back. Time continues to pass, but the burning florescent lights don't change. You find yourself nodding off, then awake an hour or 2 later finding you had completely slid onto the floor. One side of your face now has the filth from the floor on it.

You look around you, and see the other people in your pen have mostly fallen asleep. You get up, picking yourself over the bodies, and go to the bathroom. You find the toilet is about to overflow and there is no toilet paper. When you try to go back to your tiny space against the cage wall, someone else has taken it and the only spot you can find is between someone's legs in the middle of the floor. You have nothing to lean against. Again, you find yourself nodding off.

Eighteen hours after arriving at Pier 57, at 11:00 Wednesday morning, I was finally moved. About twenty of us were removed at a time, cuffed, and herded onto a police bus again.

At central booking, we were patted down, taken through metal detectors again, fingerprinted, and photographed. and placed in a large holding cell. Here we were allowed the infamous "one phone call;" I called the NLG so they could trace me through the system. I only had enough time to give them my information, location, and a few other details before

I was forced to hand over the phone. We were moved around from cell to cell to cell, and I encountered almost entirely new women each time I was moved. This trailed on through the rest of the day. The most memorable cell in which I was placed was meant for about 4 people but filled with 17 and infested with roaches. We were continually fed, if you can count two slices of wonderbread with a slice of bright orange cheese in the middle to be food

We always had toilets and access to water, and the jail was a paradise of cleanliness compared to Pier 57. We managed to change that after a group of us were there for any length of time because we were so dirty. That afternoon I reached the 24-hour mark and still had not received my arraignment, which is illegal. I broke down at one point that evening and just started to cry. I wanted to be in bed with my boyfriend so badly that it hurt, and I had never felt so hopeless in my life. I thought I would never get out of there. I thought, "these officers are just shifting us around and feeding us misinformation (when they gave us any at all) and would eventually herd us into a group shower room and turn on the gas."

After the cockroach cell, we were moved to a larger, cleaner cell and fed again. This time they gave us fresh fruit, which was a welcome change. There were a few mats on the floor and we curled up in balls in order to share them with everyone else. Laying on something soft felt heavenly. It was late, around 10 pm when we were moved to this cell. The officer told us this was the last cell we would be in, that from there we would be released. I managed to fall asleep, and was woken up at 2:00 am by an officer loudly shouting my name. I got up, tried to force my eyes to focus (I was still wearing contacts lenses) and left the cell with one other person. We were taken down a flight of stairs, an officer had me sign a form scheduling my arraignment, and I was escorted outside into the night before I was even fully

aware of what was happening. A small group of supporters rushed up to us and gave us hugs, offered us water and food, and a legal supporter immediately began asking us questions. I borrowed someone's cell phone and called my parents to tell them I was out.

From there, we went to a trailer to reclaim our confiscated property. Though the line was short it moved slowly and took me several hours to get my bag. Everything was there, and nothing was broken. I took note of the time, 5:30 am, and called my boyfriend to tell him I was out. From there, I made my way home.

I showered, and fell asleep by 7:30 am Thursday morning. In total, I spent about 36 hours in police custody and never received my arraignment, was read my rights, or knew with what I was charged. At the end of the convention, I was just one of nearly 2000 people arrested and detained in these circumstances. <



photo by adam christian robertson

A day late and a dollar short (Elegy for a busted-ass oven) by Chris Rooney

There are cars lighter than this old beige bastard
it's going to be brutal
moving it
into the alleyway

at least I won't have to wash the stove top

I've been putting it off for months
and now that the stove is dead
I have one less chore
to think about doing.

CIVIC ELECTIONS By Chris Rooney

The Grocery Store is running for Governor
you can get \$3.00 off disposable moist towelettes
and 50 cents towards your next purchase of
disposable moist towelettes
vote now
vote often

GROCERY STORE 4 GOVERNOR



picture courtesy of the internet

God, The Bully, is not my friend.

by Holly Acosta

Growing up with a single, Catholic mother who could no longer have her Sunday's off, my sister and I were taken to our Babysitter's Mormon Church. Years later, I found myself singing to an acoustic band at a nearby Christian Youth Center. What I took away from dabbling in each of these religions gave me the insight to discover their common ground. Each of these religions believed in God, The Bully, as I saw Him. A male, father figure bully...yes, that was the God that I prayed to. God had rules and if I followed them, not only would Santa bring presents, but also I would have a chance of going to Heaven. If I disobeyed God, He would be angry and punish me. The worse case scenario would be going to Hell. Actually, all of my life I believed this, and I turned out to have many friends, wonderful adventures, and lots of passion for life. I love God.

Through several events in my life, I was able to identify the fear of God that dwelled within the nooks and crannies of my mind. If I loved God so much, how could I fear Him, that which I truly love. How could God truly love ME if God sets conditions on our relationship? ...And God said let there be light. Bright light. That's when it hit me: I do not fear the friends that I truly love, for fear and love are the opposites of each other. Therefore, God represents the

absence of fear and the pure presence of a friendship filled with love.

Whoa. I had to take a step back to see what I was revealing about God, whom I was starting to love even more, if that is possible. I then saw a new intention of Gods words. As a friend, God does not demand that I obey the Ten Commandments, rather God suggests or encourages that the best outcomes stem from acts of love, the original basis for the Ten Commandments. For instance, do not perform cold-blooded murder because the act is based on fear, and it will not humanly or spiritually produce the best outcome for your living paradise...in any way. However, acting in love, the way God intended us to view His/Her presence, will produce the best outcome for your mind, body, and soul. When in doubt, ask yourself "What would love do?" I choose my own Paradise or Hell, nothing else chooses that for me. Adopting this new persona of God made me responsible for my own happiness, something I struggled with, but persisted because of the value in that kind of freedom.

Since God is my friend, I now confide in Him/Her and ask for the courage and wisdom to choose love in all of life's challenges. I no longer fear God's judgments because I know that God is experiencing itself through all of us, unanimously. As a friend to God, I choose to act with love instead of fear. Despite some religious beliefs, God does not bully me into paradise, instead I choose to live in paradise and I do so by accepting the love and unity of

life around me. I no longer feel separate from family, friends, or strangers, as love does not agree with judgments. Choosing to befriend God, instead of fear God, I have opened up a whole new awesome reality that gives back the responsibility of my own heaven to my own mind. Without Christianity, or any other religion, I may have not found God, but without letting go of the fear, I may have never met God.

I am freed of the demands of a fear based God, and I have chosen a friendship instead! My friendship with God continues to blossom, as does any friendship I trust, respect, and encourage. Letting go of God, The Bully, has been the best thing to happen to me; I finally met my best friend. <



REFLECTIONS ON MAKING POVERTY HISTORY

By Chris Rooney

15 years ago the Canadian government pledged to end domestic poverty, but it only takes a 15 minute walk through the downtown of any city in the country to show how little has actually been done to further this goal.

The Make Poverty History folks are right to call international poverty a scandal and a travesty. They are very right to decry the starvation of the world's poor, and that people are waking up to this en masse is encouraging. However I don't believe that they are going to have any real success at their goal of ending poverty and famine until we all can identify poverty's twin.

There's one other tragedy, one other scandal which walks arm in arm with international poverty and until we are all prepared to face this scandal with this same zeal then any efforts made, and all the goals met, will only ring hollow and be judged by history to be empty philanthropy void of real meaning.

The scandal I'm talking about is the excess of material wealth. The surplus of nations and of the aristocratic classes in these nations (Canada very much included). As long as there are people in the world who have more than they need to survive there will be an

overwhelming number of people who can barely make ends meet.

This is just as true inside a country as it is internationally. I'm not proud to admit that I was born into the upper middle class in a country with a very high standard of living, and despite any high sounding rhetoric it scares me to think of doing away with my amenities, of which I would say I have an unfair amount. Yet I realise that the only way that poverty will ever be done away with is if people start to raise the issue of redistribution of wealth.

Here in North America that's tantamount to communism in some people's eyes but it's also the truth. As long as I can live in Kitsilano and eat three square a day and talk to my dad long distance on the phone or spend hours on the internet, then there are probably three people who have to live in pay-by-the-week hotels in the Downtown East Side and have to pan or deal drugs or work shit jobs with no benefits just to squeak by. And as long as there are folks who live in the mansions of British Properties or in the gated communities of Tsawwassen then there are always going to be buildings full of people who are forced onto the streets by City Hall so that when the Olympics come to town in 2010 the place won't look poor.

The other half of poverty is material wealth, obscene amounts of it. Consumerism and Capitalism demand

that many live with less so that a few might live with so much more. Wealth has another side to it and that's apathy. So long as there are enough people who have their needs met and enough left over to be comfortable, there will also always be mass hesitancy to truly Make Poverty History.

Those Live 8 concerts which happened this past summer might have achieved the goal of bringing press to the current campaign but a lot more could have been done if those celebrity musicians had liquidated their wealth and given it to people in need. I think that Elton John, or Madonna, or Bob Geldalf could achieve a great deal more good if they would have dedicated the excess money they make from albums and whatever else to eradicating poverty in their cities. But it's so easy to pick on the very rich and the governments and business professionals who perpetuate this system of market capitalism. It's a lot harder when it comes to individuals like you or me. I've agonised over this a lot recently, what right do I have to claim so much of the good stuff I have? What makes it ok for me to have more books than I could read in a year cluttering up my apartment while there are kids and adults who don't have any? What right do I have to be able to own enough VHS tapes to keep me entertained for years? The flashy new bike? The many musical instruments and state of the art recording equipment and software I have? Why do I have carte blanche to go out and get even more of all

this if I wanted? What makes any of this right when I have friends who live on welfare on skid row?

The thought of moving out of my apartment and cracking a squat, taking only a backpack of clothes and two milk crates of other things with me is so exciting but at the same time so terrifying. I'd have to give up all the things I have been raised to take for granted, things like heat, running water, telephone, maybe even electricity. It's frightening for another reason too. The thought of my parents' reaction to this kind of decision. I could see my mom at least trying to understand me doing something like that but it might destroy any real relationship I have with my dad.

These are some of things that I think people would worry about if they cared enough to take responsibility for the poverty around them. It's not easy by any means, and it might not even be right, but to me it seems to be the only way we all can make poverty history.

We don't all have to move into squats of course, that's not what I'm driving at. What I am hoping to convey is that everyone in a position that allows it needs to start asking for less, giving away a lot more and re-appraising the standards of material success we have come to accept. Waiting for governments and NGO's to legislate away famine and poverty is a nice cloudy pipe dream, but if we really want to get rid of poverty then we have to get rid of wealth. <

Contributors to this issue:

Joy Ellison lives in Vancouver, Washington, USA. She has recently returned from spending two months in Palestine, working with International Women's Peace Service, and Christian Peacemaker Teams, two organizations which support Palestinian nonviolent resistance. She is looking forward to working in Palestine next summer and annually for the next few years. At home Joy trains people in nonviolence and lectures about the Israeli occupation of Palestine. You can learn more about her training workshops at www.treebythewater.org and her work in Palestine at www.livejournal.com/users/in_palestine. If you want to financially support her work please feel free to drop her a line.

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The cover art and PDF version of this issue of the Christian Radical was made by adam christian robertson ghettocottage@gmail.com

The Icon of Saint Elizabeth of Portugal was found on the internet by Chris Rooney.

Useful links and places:

-Catholic Worker international websites:

www.catholicworker.com

www.catholicworker.org

www.ca.geocities.com/vancouvercatholicworker/

-blogs:

www.catholicanarchy.org

www.nonviolentjesus.blogspot.com

-Radical Christian resources and forums:

www.jesusradicals.org

-Anti-War:

www.resisters.ca

www.wri-irg.org

www.ivaw.net

www.stopwar.ca

-other activism

www.foodnotbombs.net

www.vcn.bc.ca/citizens-handbook/

www.commongroundrelief.org



The Christian Radical is looking for submissions for upcoming issues. If you liked this zine and feel you would like to contribute to the next one please send submissions as attached files to

the.christian.radical.zine@gmail.com

please also include a short bio and contact info (e-mail/blog/website). It's your submissions that keep this zine in print.

Thanks again

Chris Rooney editor, the Christian Radical



photo by Laura Catherine Kressly